

...ruby ground. ... bed of sapphire. ... in lighter blue, ... order there are jewels of all ... and the whole is softened by the ... effect produced by the ... richness of the material. It made you ... love it to touch it; think of living on ... rugs like that! It was—it is—sacrilege ... to speak of money with such art, but its ... value is \$10,000. I am pretty sure I will ... not have it this Christmas.

Other rugs which seemed modern in their beautiful coloring were called Saraks. They have "spaces" of color which are of either rich dark red, blue or white. In the center are medallions of contrasting colors, with pendants, and the pendants are repeated in corner spaces. There are borders and inner borders of leaves and blossoms and trellises. Those with white—well, there was only one of each—the one with the white space or ivory color would be charming in a bed room. There were dainty effects in blues and yellows in floral designs, and the velvety pile was firm, even and yielding.

I haven't the time to tell you of the different styles, but there was a Bidjan—a mosque carpet—a Kurdistan, a Khorassan, a Serape, Sirdar, Serabend, Herat, Kolsh, Kie-Kilem, and all the other styles known in Arabia. I hope you will return and see them for yourself before they are gone. I hear that our art museum is negotiating for some of them.

One of the prettiest things to give Adonis for Christmas if he is still smoking cigarettes, is a "gun-metal" cigarette case. They are made with the proper curve to fit the pockets, are wide enough to hold the "ten," are thin enough not to bulge the pocket, and, above all, do not bend or scratch as do the silver ones. Of course there is the usual imitation, but the imported gun-metal is highly polished and rich looking, and kept in perfect condition with the caress or brush of a handkerchief or glove. It is valued higher than silver. The case is finished with monogram on one side and date on the other, which relieves the dark plainness, as the metal cuts into polished steel. Men have declared in favor of the "gun-metal," but be careful to get the best quality.

Roman stripes have become popular in neckties for men. But some of the dear fellows have no idea of selection. All "Roman stripes" as they appear this season are not beautiful. They need careful culling. Black ground, with

One large one is 165 years old; woven in the border is the date "1211, Moham-madun Hegira." It is now 1317.

Another, which is 206 years old, has woven in the border in Arabic: "The

ON THE FACE OF THE WATER

We stood on the long gray beach of the little Welsh village of Penmaenmawr ruefully gazing up at the hills gorgeous in the sunlight with the gold of the gorse and the pale lavender of the heather. It was the end of July and though the evening had passed near the seventh hour, the sun still shone bright in the heavens. "Girls," said our hostess, "I cannot climb tonight after twisting my ankle on that stone, suppose instead that we row to Puffin's island." Out in the sea, seven miles from the Welsh coast stood a lonely rock. No vegetation grew on this fortress-like structure, and owing to the difficulty of scaling its precipitous cliffs, the foot of man seldom had touched it. Only the puffins clutched around and above it, in secure and undisturbed possession, and, deterred by the many miles of dangerous and treacherous sea, few rowers came very near it.

We were a party of four women, three unmarried and one a young mother who had left three children at her home, all stopping at a villa back on the mountain side, nestled between the village by the water and the heathery vistas beyond. Our hostess, a bright girl about thirty, had lost both her parents some years before, and was now summering there and entertaining her English friends and relatives and incidentally, my American self. That day the little house party had been reduced to Sallie, Mrs. Steele, Cousin Nora and me. The sun sank nearer the long stretches of water, which slowly ebbed from our feet with a gentle placid motion that inspired faith in its harmlessness. To that calm ebbing tide thoughts of home were entrusted, "Dear tide hold them fast, waft them safe through ocean's immeasurable space till they reach my own shore."

It was just seven when the old boatman pushed forth our little craft from the beach, and the two of us who could not row raised parasols to keep off the hot glare of the sun. As the orb slowly approached the horizon the sunset became a faint purple reflected in the water in gorgeous hues. To the right the curving line of the shore projected in the Great Orme's Head with the gleaming white of the beach of Llandunno; to the left could be seen the island of Anglesey; but we turned not aside, nothing ahead but that lonely rock as we "sailed into the purple sunset." And how small one feels in a little boat "alone on a wide wide sea!" Though steering towards home, thousands of miles seemed added to its distance. "It was below on this coast," said Nora, "that I passed a night in a gale, when our yacht was overtaken by a sudden storm, and we gave ourselves up for lost." My thoughts of home took a prayerful cast. "Why not turn back now," I suggested. But "No," said Sallie, "I have always intended to row out to Puffin and now I shall do it." Two tired girls rested on their oars while our boat drifted near the base of the island, and the birds circled above. It was nine o'clock with the tide against us, the sun just sinking, and seven long miles from a human being. Just as the ball of fire glided into the water, a ship bound for America passed in rapid transit across its face and seemed for an instant framed in the golden ball. Then we turned towards the coast, too distant to be visible, and faced the shadowy, glorious hills, gleaming with color and the mistiness of the twilight. Steadily the girls pulled against that placid tide, relentless as fate, which fain would bear us away. With the disappearance of the sun "at one stride came the dark."

... of my children at ... of my ... the two ... pulled on. At last a gleam of light from the villages along the shore came into view. "But which do you suppose is dear old Pen," said Sallie. More by instinct than knowledge we steered in the right direction and shouting and singing soon heard the welcome voice of the boatman as he waded deep into the water to pull us to the shore. He laconically remarked when we had landed that four men were out in boats searching the surface of the waters for trace of us. We subsequently learned that they did not return until two in the morning.

In the doorway of the little villa on the hill stood two maids with white scarred faces, who had been waiting to serve supper, and had thought their mistress and her guests lost in the mountain paths. "We are hungry," said Sallie, "you may serve us immediately," and near midnight we laughed and supped thankfully beneath the welcome shelter of her roof.

In the morning early someone slipped down to the beach with a goodly recompense for the boatman which soothed away the lingering traces of his anxiety and henceforth he swore by the young ladies "who rowed to Puffin's Island."

ANNIE L. MILLER.

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